

### Three of Pentacles

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## Three of Pentacles

by [Interesting\\_Twist201](#)

### Summary

In which Crocodile and Mihawk make romantic gestures towards their new leader, but Buggy interprets them as threats.

### Notes

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Also a very special thanks to my friend Ashly who texted me this idea in the first place (This was better than her pores idea)

# Chapter 1

He'd underestimated the clown. Crocodile rolled his cigar against the garishly designed ashtray beside him, causing the silver-white ring at the tip to fall away. He popped it back to his mouth with an irritated grunt. Then chewed at it thoughtfully. Crocodile prided himself on being a shrewd man, a careful man, so his miscalculation had admittedly pushed the ex-warlord off balance.

To anyone else, of course, Crocodile was as calm and intimidating as he always was. He'd already claimed the largest and most plush armchair in the canvas striped tent- all it had taken was a glare for its former occupant to scatter. Now he could watch Buggy address his men in comfort and style. His cigar was doing its work covering up the smell of buttery popcorn and cheap booze, which was rampant within this bizarre circus town. Crocodile kept up a manufactured expression of disinterest as he watched his new business partner strut in circles around the stage.

The clown wasn't saying anything special. He was essentially ordering his subordinates to change all the signs from "Buggy's Delivery" to "Cross Guild." But the men were hanging upon every word. Hell, some were taking notes. If these same men were still in Impel Down, they'd have been eating the paper and fighting over the pen.

Crocodile had always considered the clown to be a fool and a coward, but there was a certain... charisma he had. Something special that had the ex-warlord struggling to understand more.

How does a coward and a fool go from obscure East Blue pirate to Emperor of the Seas?

Crocodile didn't believe in coincidences. The way the other had finessed this situation from owing him money to being the leader of Cross Guild was suspicious. In fact, Buggy had been steadily rising in rank, power and infamy at a rate that was simply too fast and too consistent. The fact that he'd been an apprentice on Roger's ship of all places had confirmed what Crocodile had quickly begun to realize. There was only one answer to the phenomenon that was The Genius Jester.

Buggy was a mastermind.

Mihawk must've figured it out before him, which was why he'd suggested sparing Buggy and leaving him as their figurehead. Crocodile was grateful for the other's perceptiveness, because the clown surely would've had something up his sleeve if they'd tried to execute him.

Crocodile couldn't figure out what Buggy's plan would've been though, which was unnerving. And intriguing. The clown simply operated too many steps ahead for him to follow. He crossed his arms, allowing his eyes to follow Buggy as the other glided around the stage.

What did he call his style? "Flashy?" It was loud and distracting, but past the face makeup and ridiculous outfit Crocodile could tell that Buggy was an attractive man. While the ex-warlord didn't trust anyone, he wouldn't mind getting closer for a bit of fun... and to win some favor with such a unique individual.

A smirk tugged at Crocodile's lips. People fell over themselves trying to earn a night with him. With a bit of effort, he was sure he could sweep Buggy off of his pointed slipper-wearing feet.

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Sweat was trickling down Buggy's forehead as he tried to ignore the imposing figure seated near the back of the tent. Did Crocodile change his mind about sparing his life? Buggy had been doing his best to say all the right things- he was getting rid of all the signs of his own company and

putting Cross Guild on everything, because he was going to be giving 100% to Cross Guild! His employees, his base, his resources, all of that was going to be paying off his debt. He was telling the truth! But when Buggy dared a glance at Crocodile, the other somehow looked twice as menacing as he had before. Lips were curled up to show teeth and dark eyes were locked onto Buggy like a predator stalking its prey. His wickedly sharp hook was glinting beneath the spotlight.

Buggy was done for. It was the first day of working together and he already wanted to curl up and cry. If only he had run away a few minutes sooner, then Crocodile wouldn't have caught up to him and he wouldn't currently be in this mess.

He was good at running away. In fact, Buggy had to get out of here before that hook ended up skewering him. After barking a few more orders at his men, he separated his legs from his ankles and swooped out from the top of the tent. And stealthily walked his feet out the back exit.

Phew. Close one. Buggy reassembled himself outside and stretched his arms. This stress couldn't be good for his health.

“Buggy.”

Mihawk was right behind him. Buggy screamed. It was very loud, and very high pitched, and he tried to play it off as a cough. “O-oh hey pal, I didn't see you there,” He laughed.

*Pal? What was he saying, this was Hawkeye he was talking to!*

The man remained completely stoic. It was better than anger, Buggy supposed, but the empty stare he was receiving wasn't great either. It was making his anxiety spike! What did the guy want?

Mihawk turned around and strolled in the other direction. “Follow me.”

The swordsman didn't even check if Buggy chose to follow- not that he needed to. The clown immediately scrambled to do as he was told. “Lead the way, then,” Buggy stuttered. Mihawk could cut him down in an instant if he said no. What was he supposed to do? As they weaved through Buggy Town and moved towards the uninhabited side of Karai Bari Island, the sinking sensation in Buggy's gut intensified.

Mihawk had been the one to suggest keeping him alive. Maybe he was a nice dude. Maybe he was bringing Buggy away so his crew wouldn't have to clean up the body. He suppressed a shudder.

A few minutes later, the two of them entered a clearing and Mihawk abruptly stopped. Buggy nearly crashed into the other pirate, but managed to catch himself right on time. Close one.

“I found some good soil here,” Mihawk commented.

Buggy smiled and nodded automatically. “Ah, very nice.”

Then his eyes widened as he registered the scene in front of him. Dirt had been dug up in neat rows by a large shovel, which was lying within easy reach of Mihawk. Next to a thick set of gloves.

*He's going to bury me here.*

“D-damn, I need to go to the bathroom!” Buggy squeaked. He couldn't stay here any longer. Without a second of hesitation, he dashed out of the clearing and back the way they'd come from. Back to the relative safety of Buggy Town. The blood pounding through his ears as he ran made it impossible to hear if he was being chased, and the clown pirate didn't dare look back, so he kept

sprinting until he'd reached his personal tent. At the entrance he skidded to a halt and gasped for breath.

Some nearby pirates applauded.

"Captain Buggy's so hardworking!"

"We'll train to get stronger too!"

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Back in the clearing, the World's Strongest Swordsman frowned to himself. He was certain that Buggy had linked his financial troubles to having "too many mouths to feed." And it was significantly more cost effective to grow produce instead of importing it.

Perhaps Buggy thought farming was beneath him, which was why he'd excused himself. But he'd left in such a rush... Mihawk was baffled. It was so much simpler to live by himself, in peace, without dramatic people to contend with. But over recent years he'd started to begrudgingly enjoy having some company. It helped beat the boredom that so often plagued his life.

Buggy happened to be the opposite of boring. Mihawk narrowed his distinctive yellow eyes. He'd smooth over whatever misunderstanding occurred here. In fact, he was going to make his intentions abundantly clear.

He made a mental note to grow some roses as well.

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The two other ex-warlords were conspicuously absent the rest of the day. Buggy wanted to take advantage of the respite and relax, but no amount of partying was able to put his mind at ease. Mihawk and Crocodile could show up at any moment! His eyes darted around to shadowed corners, scanning for Crocodile's slicked-back hair or the brim of Mihawk's fancy hat.

He didn't deserve this abuse. He was a hard-working businessman.

Buggy tipped back his bottle and swallowed the rest of the rest of its contents. Cabaji was entertaining everyone by juggling his swords on the unicycle, but it wasn't cheering the clown pirate up like it usually did. Buggy's seen this routine a thousand times over, anyway. Cabaji rarely slipped up and stabbed himself anymore, and that had always been the best part.

"Captain!" One of his men approached with a dopey grin on his face and a bottle that definitely wasn't the usual stuff they drank. Buggy raised a brow. It looked expensive.

"Hawkeye Mihawk said to give you this wine!"

*That's poison.*

As Buggy gingerly accepted the gift, another subordinate showed up, this time with a wrapped box. "Captain! Sir Crocodile made you cookies!"

*That's definitely poison.*

"Oh, how generous!" Buggy chuckled nervously. "Tell them I said thanks." He waved the pair away; he needed to brainstorm a plan for getting rid of the stuff without anyone noticing.

The two men gave each other a look. One of them stepped forward, blushing. "Captain, sorry to

bother you, but we're curious- do you like either of them back?"

It took a few minutes for Buggy to even begin to comprehend the question. Once it clicked, his mouth fell open. "Hah!?"

His men were touched in the head. Buggy had appearances to keep, though, so he snapped his jaw shut and cleared his throat. "They'll need to do more than bribe me to win my affections. I am a great and famous emperor now!"

The two red-faced pirates saluted in sync, eyes sparkling with excitement. "Of course, Emperor Buggy, forgive us! You are obviously not a shallow man! We'll let them know!" The pair dashed away, too focused on their new mission to wait for their captain's approval.

Buggy's eyes widened with panic. "Aha, um, don't tell them tha-"

It was too late. They'd already left. Mihawk and Crocodile weren't only about to hear that their assassination attempts had failed, they were going to be insulted, too. The clown pirate sighed to himself and collapsed back against his seat. He squeezed his eyes shut.

*I'm so dead.*

---

Crocodile received his rejection with all the grace and dignity befitting a man of his stature. He used his powers to grind the unfortunate messenger into dust. The violence didn't bring quite the satisfaction it normally did, though.

His face felt hot. Buggy was unimpressed by his gift!? Sure, all Crocodile did was threaten the cooks to make something special, but the point had just been to show he was interested. That was all he'd ever needed to do in the past. A meaningful glance here, a lingering touch there, and the target of his affections became putty in his hands. Well, hand and hook.

This was unacceptable. Crocodile grit his teeth and paced around his personal tent, muttering to himself. Maybe he should've foreseen that someone like Buggy would have high standards. This was not the average pirate he was dealing with. No, Crocodile needed to put more effort in than a few minutes of extra attention.

The ex-warlord strode up to where his heavy fur coat was hanging and plucked out his personal den-den mushi. It was time to call in some favors.

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Buggy couldn't, wouldn't survive under these conditions. After the party, he'd hid in his room, trembling and hoping he could talk his way out of death once again. But no furious ex-warlords came for his head. He lived to the next day, and then the day after that.

That's when the torment began.

Crocodile and Mihawk seemed to have decided that a swift execution would be too generous, so they decided to remind the clown pirate of his impending doom at every passing moment. They continued to leave "gifts." Mihawk silently threatened his life by leaving a knife outside of his tent, while Crocodile handed Buggy a watch- an unsubtle message that the clown pirate was running out of time.

He could've convinced himself they were just messing with him, except that the two appeared to

also be planning something. They were always busy and avoided Buggy just as much as he was avoiding them. When he caught sight of Crocodile and backpedaled, the other pirate switched direction as well. The crew noticed that something was amiss as well- they were gossiping amongst each other even more than usual, and whenever they noticed their captain's presence, the whispers went silent.

Then, somehow, it got worse. Buggy was minding his own business one evening when Mihawk calmly strolled over and invited him to go sailing.

*Why?*

Buggy was going to make up an excuse and not go, but if Mihawk actually wanted his help with something... that'd be a terrible idea. So he agreed to go. Maybe if he got lucky, the swordsman would let slip whatever the hell he and Crocodile were up to.

Mihawk actually... smiled? When Buggy said yes? He thought he'd imagined it, until the swordsman took hold of his hand. Suddenly he regretted his choice. Yes, he could still escape, but he'd have to leave his poor hand behind.

At least it was his non-dominant hand. The clown pirate tried to keep his thoughts positive as the two of them left Buggy Town together. This probably wouldn't take too long. The sun had almost set, turning the sea beneath it a rich shade of caramel. Buggy inwardly groaned as he accidentally kicked sand into his shoes.

“So... what’re we sailing for?” Buggy questioned.

*It can’t hurt to ask, right? He didn’t tell me anything!*

Mihawk made a “Hmph,” noise, like he was amused but too cool to laugh. “Nothing, it’s just for enjoyment.”

Then the other pirate pursed his lips and slowed his walking pace. “What is concerning you so much?”

Buggy did laugh at that, because this was one of those moments where his options were to laugh or sob and he was a clown, dammit. Mihawk was brazenly taunting him at this point, and Buggy would be furious if he wasn’t so scared!

“Nothing! Nothing, hehe.” Buggy tried to make a pleasant face but he was definitely grimacing. That’s what happens when one’s existence has become a carousel of suffering and dread.

Mihawk stopped and squeezed his hand. “I’d have assumed you were better at lying.”

That was it for Buggy. He was officially done with the mind games, and any illusion of composure he’d had a second ago snapped as he wrenched his hand away from Mihawk and fell to his knees.

“What do you want from me!?” Buggy wailed. “I just don’t want you to kill me!”

There was an awkward pause. Then Mihawk stated, hesitantly, “If I wanted you dead, you’d have already perished.”

The swordsman sounded so genuinely perplexed that Buggy almost believed him. Almost, because he finally noticed that the other pirate had just led him to a literal coffin. One that was floating in the water, with a sail on it.

*Are you fucking kidding me.*

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Yoru felt twice as heavy upon Mihawk's back as he trudged back to town, leaving his beloved boat behind. Once again Buggy had run from him. This time, by flying away in about ten different pieces. While the swordsman understood that the clown was skittish, he hadn't realized how severely he'd been misunderstood. It was frustrating. All his efforts up to now had been a waste of time.

Buggy was proving himself to be an unconventional man in both looks and personality. It wasn't a matter of killing time anymore, Mihawk wanted him. And the need to act upon that feeling was becoming urgent, since he knew he wasn't the only one.

“Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah.”

Mihawk's new business partner was leaning against the side of a tent, chuckling in a way that made it the verbal equivalent of a slow clap. Crocodile leered down at him. “It didn't go so well, I take it? Buggy is difficult to win over.”

Mihawk respected Crocodile. The other pirate relied too much on his devil fruit powers to pose a real challenge in a fight, but he was smart and capable. And the other pirate had recently made it known that he respected Mihawk as well, even pushing past his distrust of people to invite the swordsman to co-lead this company. This was the only reason Crocodile wasn't promptly ignored.

“We had a miscommunication,” Mihawk confessed. “It'll be cleared up.”

Crocodile shrugged. “I'm sure it will be. Buggy might be too busy with me for a while, though.”

“You haven't made any progress with him either,” The swordsman reminded. “Actually, you've barely done anything for him at all. Was that a watch I saw you give him? How tacky.”

“Hmph.”

Mihawk could tell by the way the other pirate's brow furrowed that he was getting under Crocodile's skin. How amusing. And he'd always thought the other was so cold-blooded.

As he silently gloated, several of Buggy's crew passed through the excessively decorated entrance to Buggy Town. “Sir Crocodile!” One called out. “There's a ship here, they say they're delivering an order to you?”

The sour look on the other pirate's face vanished. “Excellent,” He grunted, straightening to his full height. He glanced down at Mihawk in the same manner one might observe a passing insect. The swordsman was also an expert at doing this brand of posturing. Instead of making eye contact, he turned away and let his black cape-like coat flutter in the wind as he stared into the distance.

Crocodile's deep voice rumbled out, filled with confidence. “The meager bit of flirting you've seen me do is just so he didn't think he'd been forgotten. I've been working on a plan to truly impress the clown. Would you like to hear about it?”

“No.”

Mihawk's reply was ignored. “My full tank of Bananawanis just arrived, and I'm going to let Buggy keep whichever one he likes,” Crocodile boasted. “He's a man who loves a show. He'll adore feeding his enemies to one of my beasts.”

Crocodile's supposed ingenious idea was to give Buggy an animal? Mihawk's Humandrils were far superior to any primitive reptile. Mihawk was about to make a scathing remark when he remembered his conversation with Buggy earlier.

He wasn't comfortable looking at a shovel. How was Buggy going to fare with being shown a tank full of man-eating alligator creatures?

"I don't think that's the best idea," Mihawk cautioned.

Crocodile scoffed. "Jealousy doesn't suit you, Hawk-eye. You should watch as I woo him, you might learn a few things."

"It really might not go the way you expect."

The only response given was the other ex-warlord dispersing into a large swirl of sand, which flowed down towards the beach. Mihawk took a deep breath.

He was going to need to fix all this himself, wasn't he?

## Chapter 2

Buggy trudged back to his favorite log by the crew's nightly bonfire and sprawled himself across it, groaning. Another near escape. Although it wasn't really an escape, was it? He was still stuck here, at the mercy of two powerful, sadistic pirates who had made a game out of tormenting him whenever they could. Mihawk had admitted as much. He said that Buggy would be dead already if that was his goal. So they were playing with him! Using him for their own entertainment! He wasn't that kind of clown...

He was technically their leader, and an Emperor on top of that.

Buggy buried his face in his hands and let out a muffled sigh. He used to think that earning a lofty title meant he'd be respected. Feared! That was how it was supposed to work. But he hadn't felt like a real threat since... the East Blue, maybe?

The wood was beginning to dig painfully into his back. Buggy reluctantly sat up and observed the silhouettes of his crew as they danced drunkenly around the fire. One of them was drifting a bit too close to the flame... oh, way too close. His pant leg caught on fire and the rest of the crew laughed as the pirate yelped, hurriedly putting it out with fistfuls of dirt.

Man, the clown pirate missed the days when he could be so carefree. It was tough being the great and all-powerful Buggy the Bombastic Clown.

Then a wispy black shape approached him from the direction of the fire, obscured from the light around it but easily recognizable due to its sharp feminine voice. Alvida.

“You’re gonna get wrinkles if you pout like that,” She teased.

Buggy scowled at his long-term ally as she sauntered over with a half-empty glass of rum. Unphased, she sat down beside him and crossed her legs. “What? Did you think I wasn’t going to come talk to you about the new boyfriends?”

“T-the new what?!” Buggy choked.

Alvida rolled her eyes. “You know, Mihawk and Crocodile. I’m trying not to take it personally that they’re flirting with you instead of me. No offense, but-” She tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear. “I’m prettier.”

*Can’t argue with that.*

“You’ve got it wrong,” Buggy snorted. “Those two would sooner murder me than flirt with me.”

Alvida raised a well-manicured eyebrow. “Are you dense? They’ve been trying to win your attention like a pair of enamored schoolboys. The whole crew thinks you’re playing hard to get.”

Buggy snatched her drink and downed it, because imagining Mihawk and Crocodile with some kind of crush on him was just too much for his sober brain.

“Hey,” Alvida protested. There was no real heat behind it, only mild annoyance. She was going to get him back for that later.

But that was a problem for tomorrow’s Buggy. He rotated the glass around in his hands and idly perceived the reflections of fire and shadow and his own distorted face. Even when it was warped

like a funhouse mirror, he could pick out a dozen imperfections. The lines in his face were getting deeper with age, and he could use a shave.

“I’m not dense, it’s true. They’re just messing with me,” Buggy replied.

She leveled him with a look that she normally reserved for crew members who were doing something unfathomably stupid, like when Mohji tried to tame that sea king. “You think they’d be spending all this time and effort just to bully you?”

*Yes. 100%.*

“It’s not like they’re following me around all day,” Buggy grumbled.

Alvida hummed. “They might as well be. Crocodile called in a ship without you noticing, you know. Spent all afternoon getting whatever was in it unloaded. I bet he’s getting creative because you can’t take a hint.”

Her words made the clown pirate go pale. It must’ve docked at the far port if he missed the ship arriving. It was a pain in the ass to bring in cargo from there, so why would Crocodile...? Buggy’s hands were getting clammy under his white gloves. “That’s.. uh...” He wracked his brain for a logical answer. “Ah, I’m sure he’s just doing Cross Guild stuff. Didn’t anyone see what was in the ship?”

“Why, are you trying to ruin the romantic surprise?” Alvida winked. “I’m sure the crew that sailed in on that brig knows.”

A familiar shudder worked its way up his spine, urging Buggy to jump to his feet. Finally, a distraction.

“What did you say about my nose!?”

---

A few hours later, the party was gradually winding down. The crew had stopped adding logs to the fire, allowing it to fade as its fuel was worked down into ash. The chill of the night air was beginning to creep into Buggy’s skin. He was tired and comfortably buzzed and wanted to go to sleep.

But what he’d learned from Alvida was gnawing at his insides. What could Crocodile be up to? It could be something that posed a threat, or...

Buggy blushed a delicate pink. If he assumed, for a minute, that Alvida was right, which was impossible of course, maybe it really was something to impress him? She probably knew more about this mushy relationship stuff than he did.

He closed his eyes and tried to imagine it.

*Crocodile stood in front of Buggy’s tent, holding an enormous bouquet of blue and red flowers. His dark eyes were sparkling and he batted his eyelashes as they made eye contact.*

“What’re you doing here?” Buggy asked.

*Crocodile used his hook to twirl a lock of his black hair. “I came to confess my feelings for you, sweetheart. Will you accept these flowers?”*

*Buggy took the flowers from him and threw them on the ground. "You have some nerve, Sir Crocodile. I thought you wanted to kill me!"*

*"Please Emperor Buggy, forgive me!" Crocodile fell to his knees and openly wept. "It's not much, but maybe this will make up for the stress I caused you..."*

*He snapped his fingers and dozens of pirates came running, each carrying a massive box. They placed these boxes in front of Buggy and unclasped them with a flourish, revealing stacks of treasure maps within each one.*

*"You're going to be rich," Crocodile announced.*

*Buggy beamed back. "I'm going to be rich!"*

As his little daydream morphed back to reality, Buggy noticed he was cackling and cut it off with a cough, glancing around to make sure nobody noticed. Okay, he got a bit carried away there. None of that would ever happen.

Regardless, this secret shipment of Crocodile's needed to be investigated immediately. Just in case.

Buggy departed from his place by the flickering bonfire and slunk through the darkness, successfully navigating back to his own tent. This mission would require stealth. Buggy slotted his separated body pieces together and stepped out his giant outfit, trading it for his regular-sized one. A classic red striped shirt and pirate-approved blue pants with a teal sash. Flashily snooping around the island unfortunately meant he needed to be less... flashy. But the effort would be worth satisfying his curiosity- there could be something dangerous he needed to scout out! And he was mostly confident he wouldn't get caught. If he could escape from Impel Down, then this should be a piece of cake.

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While Buggy didn't do any of the actual work in setting up Buggy Town, he knew the layout fairly well. Walking in the wrong tent enough times and seeing... some things... had helped motivate the memorization. It served him well now as he weaved around the area, taking a subtle roundabout route to Karai Bari's side port.

There was no ship to be found. It must've left already- that meant Buggy couldn't interrogate the crew about what they'd transported. Luckily, since he was a very brilliant man, the clown pirate had a backup plan. It was riskier, but he'd have to locate the mysterious cargo himself.

He backtracked away from the port and traveled in the direction of Crocodile's tent this time. If the other ex-warlord wanted to surprise him with something, it'd probably be somewhere close to him. Buggy took a more direct path than he'd chosen before and scanned the shadows for hidden crates or barrels. In his search for something small, he managed to overlook the enormous, rectangular shape towering over him until it was too late.

Buggy walked straight into it. In his defense, it was dark, and he had no idea how the hell a giant tank would've been brought there in the first place. Did they lift it? Drag it? Either way, his nose banged into the smooth glass surface hard enough that he had to hold in a string of curses. He paced in a circle and bit his lip, willing the throbbing pain to go away.

Once he recovered, his curiosity was awakened again and he approached the tank. He thought he could see large murky shapes moving inside it- maybe it was filled with fish. Buggy pressed his face to the glass and tried to get a better look.

Nothing... nothing... and then, his vision was filled with gigantic pearly white teeth that snapped shut mere inches from his face.

“Ahhhhhhh!” Buggy screamed, splitting his body into about ten different pieces as he scrambled away from the glass. There were monsters in there! It was tough while he was hyperventilating, but he managed to reassemble himself a generous distance away from the tank. He struggled to take deep breaths, feeling his heartbeat pound in his ears.

That wasn’t some romantic surprise at all. He *knew it*. Ah, somehow he’d even gotten his hopes up! But Alvida was wrong, and he was going to be fed to some horrible beast, probably in a very spectacular and gruesome manner. At least it’d be flashy. Buggy wanted to cry. He could already hear the deep, menacing timbre of Crocodile’s voice sentencing him to death.

“-Clown. Listen to me.”

Oh, it wasn’t his imagination. Crocodile was, in fact, looming over him and saying something. Buggy was too tired and overwhelmed for this. “What?” He wheezed.

“I see you found them a bit early. I suspected you might, although I must admit I am a little disappointed by the ruined surprise.” Crocodile pulled a case out of his pocket and flipped it open with one hand, revealing a line of cigars tidily lined up. He seemed to think better of it though, since he sighed and shoved the case back where it came from. “Well?” He prompted.

“What?” Buggy repeated.

Crocodile tilted his head in the direction of the tank. “What do you think of them?”

The clown pirate hadn’t the slightest clue what he was expected to say to something like that. Was he supposed to be impressed by the method for his own execution? That was asking a lot, even for Crocodile. “Hmm, it’s hard to see them in the dark,” Buggy chuckled.

“... Ah, yes.”

It was an uncharacteristically awkward response; Crocodile always seemed so put-together when Buggy interacted with him. Now that the clown pirate took a closer look, though, the other man seemed... groggy? Like he’d just rolled out of bed. There were subtle bags under his eyes and he was wearing a fluffy gray bathrobe with matching slippers. The slippers had yellow lettering spelling out “Mr. Sandman” on them.

Crocodile shuffled a few steps away when he noticed Buggy reading them. “Anyway,” He said quickly, “You’ll be able to appreciate them fully in the morning. Bananawani might be more ‘my brand’ than yours, but you may pick whichever one you want and keep it for yourself.” Then, the taller pirate lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. “I can even show you how to feed them safely. Is there anyone in your crew annoying you?”

Buggy blinked. “You’re not feeding me to the gators?” The words popped out before he had the sense to silence himself, and he immediately regretted his mistake. Why would he ever question Crocodile’s choice to feed someone else to those beasts?

Wait, and did Crocodile just say he could keep one? Buggy’s head was swimming in confusion. He didn’t drink that much. The other pirate did not provide any clarity, instead choosing to throw his head back and laugh his peculiar, stilted laugh.

“You’ve been a challenge, but I am not so brutish as to give up and kill you after a few rejected gifts.” Crocodile moved closer- very close- and offered his flesh hand to Buggy, who numbly

accepted it. This resulted in the clown pirate being gently helped up from the ground. A gentlemanly gesture. Buggy opened his mouth and hesitated, unsure of what this situation was and how he was supposed to behave in it. Should he be flustered or terrified? Because he was kind of both right now. Oh shit, they were still holding hands.

Crocodile cleared his throat, but he didn't let go. Buggy had the distinct feeling he was being sized up, although this time it gave him a touch of excitement along with the nerves. He licked his lips.

And then slowly, cautiously, as if he was approaching one of his damned bananawani instead of an overwhelmed weaker pirate, Crocodile leaned in closer, causing their noses to brush together.

*What the fuck.*

Buggy's brain must've short circuited, because he froze when Crocodile's mouth pressed against his own. The other's lips were warm and dry and, wow, this was really happening, and for once the clown pirate wanted to get on his knees before Crocodile for reasons unrelated to begging for forgiveness.

*When did I become a bigger whore than Shanks?*

Before Buggy could express his enthusiasm, though, the taller pirate pulled away. The movement caused their lips to make the most appealing smacking noise, but the clown pirate groaned at the loss of contact. He took a half-step forward in hopes of being encircled by a strong set of arms.

"Goodnight, Clown," Crocodile grunted abruptly. Buggy stilled, shocked, as the other man adjusted his bathrobe and swiftly strode in the other direction, disappearing into his tent. Making no indication of whether Buggy was invited to join him or not.

*Again, what the fuck?*

---

Crocodile kicked his slippers off and hunched over his dresser, glaring at the dusty oval mirror that was set on top of it. A strand of his hair had fallen in front of his face instead of remaining neatly slicked back with the rest, and he impatiently swept it behind his ear. His appearance wasn't exactly a priority when his thoughts were running a mile a minute through his mind. Had that been overstepping? Crocodile typically disliked spontaneity, but making a proper move on Buggy there had felt right and he couldn't find it in himself to regret it.

It would've been entirely inappropriate to go any further, though. Buggy obviously expected better than a half-asleep man in his pajamas or he would have returned the kiss more. But Crocodile wasn't pushed away. That meant he still had a shot with the clown. Probably. The other pirate was difficult to read, and when Crocodile had ended the kiss he'd been thoroughly distracted by how long Buggy's lashes were and the slight smudging of his red lipstick. He was *pretty*.

Running away hadn't been his most dignified moment, but Crocodile could recognize when he was reverting to the mindset of a frazzled teenager. He needed to regroup before he ruined his chances.

That's when he heard footsteps approaching his tent. Buggy had followed him? Crocodile never bothered to feel for him with his observation haki, the clown was too skilled at hiding his powerful presence and blended in with his men.

The flaps of the tent were pushed open and in an instant every whisper of doubt that Crocodile may or may not have been experiencing vanished. There was only one reason Buggy would be entering his space unannounced.

Oh, Crocodile was going to *ruin* him. A deep chuckle was the only warning he gave before pouncing on the smaller man and backing him up against the inside wall of his tent, pressing the curve of his hook against the other's slim wrist. He greedily nipped at Buggy's ear and leaned his body weight against the clown's chest, wanting the other man to feel their closeness as vividly as possible.

"How bold of you to chase after me," Crocodile purred. "I hope that means you're ready to entertain."

"Is this how you greet all of your guests?"

That wasn't Buggy's voice, that was Mihawk's. Crocodile flinched away like he'd just been sprayed with cold water, his wide eyes finally recognizing the faintly blushing swordsman in front of him.

"You could have knocked," He growled.

Mihawk busied himself with smoothing out his shirt. "Being dominant in the bedroom suits you, but you lack grace. There's more to foreplay than throwing people around."

It was official. Crocodile's chosen business partner was certifiably insane if he thought lecturing him on this was a good idea. His face contorted into a sneer. "Oh, you want to help me improve? You can give me pointers while I fuck you senseless if you wish."

"Hmm," Mihawk hummed.

Crocodile's irritation turned to confusion as Mihawk stood there and contemplated the offer like he'd just been invited to tea. The sand logia hadn't been serious, he was just trying to get a rise out of the other.

Mihawk was a fairly handsome man himself...

"I prefer to be the one in control," The swordsman concluded, nodding.

Crocodile deadpanned. "Not going to happen. Now tell me your reason for being here, since I assume it wasn't to proposition me."

The swordsman didn't seem particularly disappointed by the swift refusal, because he calmly set his oversized sword down and began his explanation.

---

Mihawk enjoyed the night. It was quiet and tranquil, ideal for reading by a fire or training in the pleasant cooler air. And people were less likely to bother him with warlord business or, as was the case more recently, attempts at arresting him if they were sleeping. As a result, it wasn't unusual for him to be awake and active during late hours. He happened to be taking a walk nearby when he heard Buggy's scream.

He drew Youru from her sheathe and sped towards the noise, ready to defend the other pirate if necessary. There wasn't an attacker, though. Mihawk sighed through his nose when he saw the bananawani tank. He'd warned Crocodile about that. It was a shame he hadn't warned Buggy as well- the swordsman had assumed he had until morning to have that conversation. Since Crocodile had already managed to scare the clown out of his wits, though, Mihawk would need to smooth things over in the aftermath. He returned Youru to her place on his back and turned a corner, only to witness something most regrettable.

Crocodile had gotten to Buggy first. And was boldly locking lips with the subject of Mihawk's interest. For the first time in ages, the swordsman was tasting something akin to defeat. It was sour and bitter and gave him an urge to go somewhere alone, so he could sulk and nurse his wounded pride in peace. He wasn't fond of it.

But then, Crocodile abandoned the other man, shuffling away like someone afraid of wandering too close to the sun and getting burned. Mihawk tsk'd at that. The idiot had left Buggy all alone for no discernible reason. How inexcusably impolite.

As the swordsman approached, he tried to make his footsteps heavy to avoid startling the other pirate. No dice- Buggy seemed deep in thought. So Mihawk took a deep breath and braced himself.

“Hello.”

As expected, Buggy gasped in surprise, hand flying to his chest like a swooning maiden. Mihawk definitely found it more charming than he should have.

“Aha, Mihawk! When did you get here- um, I was just-” Buggy cut himself off and stilled his hands, which had been gesturing wildly. “Nevermind. Hello.”

“I saw you with Crocodile,” Mihawk confessed, frowning. He hoped he could shake that distasteful memory away before it clung to him like old blood on a dirty blade.

The clown blushed all the way to his ears. “Ah.”

The swordsman hadn't come to embarrass Buggy; a change in topic was in order. He smoothly wiped the stray smear of lipstick on the other pirate's face with his thumb. “Do you still think we're trying to kill you?”

“I guess I can't, at this point.” Buggy answered hesitantly. “I don't get it though. *Why?*”

What did he mean, why? The blank look on Mihawk's face must've been apparent despite the lack of lighting, because Buggy straightened and corrected himself. “Nevermind, of course you guys like me! I'm the greatest, hehe. You have excellent taste of course.”

Something rang false in those words, but Mihawk chose not to confront the other on it. Instead, it was time to ask a particularly important question. He inspected Buggy's face intently. “Who do you prefer, me or Crocodile?”

Buggy went still as a statue. “You or Crocodile?” He repeated weakly.

The swordsman waited patiently for a real answer, but it didn't seem to be forthcoming. The clown fidgeted and turned his flushed face away. The stiff sea breeze gusting across the island tousled his long blue hair in a way that had Mihawk momentarily captivated.

After some time of inner struggle, Buggy sighed and spoke up. “That's a hard question, man. You're both really strong and n-nice looking, you know?” Mihawk couldn't help but puff out his exposed chest a bit due to the compliment. He was a fine specimen, immaculate even. His mustache and beard were perfectly trimmed, and he kept himself in peak physical shape.

But the swordsman wanted to know if Buggy would be his. This couldn't be that difficult of a choice, Crocodile had just kissed and run. Maybe the clown needed some rest.

“Do you need time to decide?”

This time, Buggy's answer was immediate. "Yes! I'll tell you guys tomorrow morning- no, noon actually. Noon tomorrow." He grinned at Mihawk. It was a tense smile, but it was better than the pure fear the swordsman had seen from him earlier.

"That's acceptable," Mihawk conceded. "I'll tell Crocodile."

---

Crocodile chewed at his cigar thoughtfully as the swordsman finished bringing him up to speed on the plan. "That's sweet of him. He didn't have the heart to turn you down."

The withering glare he earned from Mihawk was highly amusing. "I'll be leaving now," The other pirate announced matter-of-factly. So blunt. This man didn't have a chance with Buggy; he had the social grace of one of his bananawani, without being half as cute.

"Farewell, then. Sweet dreams," Crocodile said with as much mocking warmth as he could muster. He didn't hold any particular animosity towards Mihawk, but they were rivals in this race and he wasn't above treating the swordsman accordingly.

Mihawk wasted no time in exiting through the flaps of the tent, his blade once again resting on his back. A glint of gold flashed from his eyes as he gave Crocodile a brief sideways glance. A suspiciously knowing glance.

"Goodnight, Mr. Sandman."

Crocodile chomped his cigar in half.

## Chapter 3

Buggy muttered to himself as he clawed through his drawers. Where the fuck did he put his favorite hairspray? He had two handsome devils fighting over him; he had to make himself look hot before snapped back to their senses. Stomping over to the stool that served as his bedside table, he grabbed his oil lamp to help with the search. Nerves had caused the clown pirate to awaken earlier than usual. The sun hadn't even fully risen yet, judging by the lack of light filtering through the thin canvas of his tent.

Even so, noon felt like it was coming far too soon. He didn't know which ex-warlord he was choosing yet- honestly, Buggy wasn't sure he could even pick one of them in the first place. That meant he'd be saying no to the other... would the spurned party be angry? He was so tired of fearing for his life.

Plus they were both so far out of his league, it felt like a tragedy to reject either man. Buggy liked to think of himself as someone who didn't waste opportunities.

He checked a pocket in one of his coats and pulled out a colorful handkerchief. It was tied to another one. And another one. And another, and another...

He gave up and separated his hands from his wrists, sending them to search in different directions. Oh, was that his missing mascara? Maybe Alvida stole it. Buggy was beginning to wish it was more organized in this place. What self-respecting pirate captain cleaned his own room, though? Roger sure as hell didn't.

That reminded him- he had a crew to help in times like this. Buggy poked his head out of his tent and scanned his surroundings. He grinned victoriously when he saw Galdino passing by. The guy had to know a thing or two about hairspray- how else could he put his hair in the shape of a three like that?

"Hey, c'mere," He called, beckoning the other pirate closer with a disembodied hand. Sure, the guy had pledged himself to be back under Crocodile earlier, but now they were all part of Cross Guild. Buggy figured that meant he could order the other around.

Galdino raised an eyebrow, but he turned and approached. Buggy grinned and opened his tent flap further. "Buddy! You're up early. I need your help."

The other pirate looked at the mess of beauty products inside the tent, then at Buggy. His lips downturned into a deep scowl. "No, my wax-wax fruit is not for removing body hair, I will not help you."

Buggy spluttered. "What? No! I just need you to get some hairspray for me, there's gotta be some in town somewhere."

*But that's not a half-bad way to use that devil fruit.*

"... Oh." Galdino's shoulders slumped, like he'd been preparing for an argument that never occurred.

The odd response had already awakened a burning question within the clown pirate, though. He wasn't entirely sure he wanted to know the answer, but leaving it alone would drive him mad. Yes, this was knowledge he needed as leader of Cross Guild.

Buggy took a deep breath. "Did someone ask you to-"

"I'm not answering that," Galdino interrupted, whirling to turn away from Buggy's tent. His fists clenched when the clown pirate shouted after him before he could make his retreat.

"Wait, are you going to find my hairspray!?"

Galdino didn't reply until he was almost out of sight, but when he did, Buggy heard his unusually high voice loud and clear.

"No!"

*What an asshole.*

---

The morning passed in the blink of an eye, and Buggy was half-convinced the sun was moving faster out of spite. Which wasn't fair at all, because he still hadn't figured out what he was going to say to his fellow ex-warlords. Maybe the pressure of speaking with them face-to-face would help him come to a decision. A daring pirate such as himself always operated better when experiencing the rush of danger.

Buggy could barely focus on his sandwich, though. His stomach was doing flips. Mihawk and Crocodile were both hovering a distance away, waiting for him to finish his lunch and go meet with them. It was almost noon and he was out of time.

They were both incredible men. Crocodile was taller and broader, with that incredible deep voice that put shivers down Buggy's spine. And he was like every mafia boss in the world put together in one man. Ambitious, ruthless, cunning, and commanding. Just being close to him without being killed was thrilling; catching his interest made Buggy feel like one in a billion.

Then there was Mihawk. His face was all handsome, sharp angles, his eyes were stunning, and he always had his tits on full display. Unlike Crocodile, whose desires generally matched Buggy's own, the swordsman was tough to get a read on. It made him mysterious in an alluring way.

The prospect of spending more time with either one of them- while not being in a state of terror- was incredibly appealing.

Buggy took his time wiping the crumbs from his mouth after he finished his lunch. He couldn't let his efforts from the morning go to waste. With his makeup immaculately applied and his hair carefully combed and tied into a ponytail, he'd hoped he'd be more confident. He'd even applied a tiny bit of cologne.

Nothing seemed to go easy for Buggy, though. He was nervous as hell. As he trudged over to where the other ex-warlords were waiting, he wondered if he couldn't just... have them both.

No, no, that was too presumptuous. Men like Mihawk and Crocodile didn't share.

---

Mihawk swallowed the clever half-insult he was about to say to Crocodile when Buggy finally finished his lunch, stepping closer to them with an unreadable expression on his face. He was particularly handsome today- the swordsman suddenly felt a little embarrassed. He hadn't done anything special about his appearance. It was too late to fix that now, though, so he banished the thought before it could stress him out further.

“Hey,” Buggy greeted.

Mihawk simply nodded in acknowledgement, but his rival, the conniving bastard, took Buggy’s hand and kissed it.

“It is good to see you,” Crocodile purred. “I apologize for the abrupt end to our time together yesterday.”

Buggy floundered for a moment, obviously flustered by the sand logia’s advances. “O-oh that’s okay.”

They were standing too close to each other, and Mihawk suddenly felt a persistent itch, like he was going to be left behind if he didn’t act. “So who do you pick?” He demanded.

The clown jumped slightly at the harsh tone and the swordsman cringed internally. He sounded jealous. “I mean. If you’ll have me, I assure you that I’m twice the lover Crocodile could ever be.” The boast felt strange coming out of his mouth. Mihawk preferred to allow his skill to speak for itself.

The sand logia scoffed. “Empty boasting. Buggy can see right through that, right?”

The clown hesitated, eyes flicking between them. The lack of a prompt response had Crocodile tensing and Mihawk experiencing a surge of triumph.

“I can’t know that unless I… tried out… both of you,” Buggy blurted out. “What are you guys even going for, anyway? You wanna date me? Fuck me?”

“Whatever you want,” Mihawk and Crocodile said simultaneously.

The clown pirate scratched his head. “This is impossible,” He grumbled. “This is just silly. Why are we meeting so I can pick out one of you? Who does that?” Then, Buggy’s eyes widened and clapped his hands over his mouth.

“No offense! It’s just-”

The clown kept speaking, but it was difficult for Mihawk to understand his muffled voice.

Crocodile laughed. “You don’t want to choose? How greedy of you. Though I guess that should be expected, from a pirate like yourself…”

What was Crocodile talking about? Greedy? Mihawk struggled to put the pieces together until he saw the assessing look in the sand logia’s eyes. If Buggy didn’t want to pick one of them, maybe he desired them both. Maybe Mihawk had to put up with being in a trio, or end up with nothing at all.

The idea stung at his pride a bit. The swordsman wanted to win.

Buggy tilted his head. “Well, we’re all pirates. Would you… I mean, would both of you actually be up for a group thing? I didn’t think you’d go for that.”

Mihawk opened his mouth to give a definite No, but Crocodile answered first.

“Sure.”

Both swordsman and clown pirate gaped up at Crocodile.

“What?” Mihawk hissed.

Crocodile shifted his weight and put a hand in his pocket, his gaze traveling slowly up and down Buggy’s body. Undressing the smaller pirate with his eyes. “I’m just being realistic,” He chuckled. “I imagine Buggy here would already have a partner if a single person could satisfy him.”

The aforementioned clown turned beet red. “Yeah, that’s why I’m single. You got me.”

“If you’re not comfortable with that, though, it’s a shame,” Crocodile said casually, turning to face the swordsman. “You do strike me as someone too stiff to have any real fun.”

Mihawk was well aware that he was being baited. But he was also genuinely offended. He did have fun, very often, in fact. He’d sunk fleets for the sole purpose of killing time! What did Crocodile, who seemed to be in a constant state of suffering at every warlord meeting, know about fun?

He graced the sand logia with a withering smile. “You don’t know me very well then, Sir Crocodile. Buggy. Come with me to my tent, and I’ll demonstrate the meaning of having a good time.”

“Oh my god,” Buggy mumbled under his breath.

---

Was he dreaming? Buggy was half-tempted to pinch himself as he excitedly followed after Mihawk and Crocodile, who were still trying to rile each other up with sarcastic remarks. While Buggy understood their need to prove themselves, this threesome was going to be interesting if they didn’t drop the competitive nonsense.

Although, maybe that wasn’t a bad thing?

Once they arrived at their destination, the attention switched away from one another and onto the clown pirate, though. Mihawk put an arm around his waist- Buggy nearly squeaked because he wasn’t expecting it- and led him into the tent.

*How has he not started a fire?*

The inside of the tent was excessively decorated with candles and gothic pieces of furniture, like tall dark bookshelves and an actual coffin for a bed. Buggy wasn’t sure it was all part of some sort of romantic gesture, or if Mihawk just lived like this all the time. Both felt equally likely.

Crocodile, who had strolled in after them, now brushed past Buggy to lift a bird plushie out of the coffin.

He held it up towards them. “Is this a hawk?”

Mihawk moved so fast to take it from the taller pirate’s hand, to Buggy it appeared as though he’d teleported. “Don’t!- That was a gift,” The swordsman snapped, hiding the stuffed animal away in a closet. When he hurried back to them, he’d pulled his hat down to hide his eyes.

“Its original owner would be upset if it was damaged. I was simply checking on it. I don’t. Sleep with it.”

Buggy would have doubted this statement, but he honestly wasn’t sure if Mihawk slept at all. His train of thought was promptly cut off when Crocodile placed a commanding hand on his shoulder.

“Come here,” The taller pirate growled.

Okay, those words sent warmth rushing straight to Buggy’s crotch. He very eagerly followed the command by turning himself around and getting on the tips of his toes, trying to communicate with his eyes how badly he wanted to be further ordered around. And Crocodile obliged by yanking him down into the coffin and pulling at his sash.

“Shirt off. Now.”

Oh wow, Crocodile was clearly ready to get started. Buggy sat upright and tugged the article of clothing off over his head, wriggling when to get the neckline over his nose.

Mihawk seemed to materialize from the background at that moment and seated himself behind Buggy. “Demanding, isn’t he,” He said calmly. “If you want me to kick the reptile out, just say the word.”

Buggy gulped, glancing back at the swordsman. “No, no, he’s fine. He’s more than fine- mmph!” Mihawk cut him off with a languid kiss, which Buggy all but melted into. He could feel the other pirate’s facial hair tickling against his face but it didn’t bother him. Actually, it was kind of nice.

Crocodile chose that moment to idly run his hook down Buggy’s bare chest. There wasn’t enough pressure to break the skin, but the metal was cold, and sharp, and the clown’s whole body broke out into shivers. He could feel it in his soul. The promise of danger. Buggy generally ran away from such things, but somehow he found this flavor of thrill to be utterly delicious. Engaging in an afternoon of passion with these men had Buggy feeling more invincible than the time Whitebeard teamed up with him at Marineford.

Becoming an emperor was nothing compared to this.

Crocodile withdrew the hook and tweaked one of Buggy’s nipples with his flesh hand, drawing out a gasp from the clown. Mihawk seized the moment by cupping his chin and pushing his tongue past Buggy’s painted lips, tasting him all over like he was the finest of wines.

Buggy had to admit that the swordsman was the best kisser he’d encountered- although his body count wasn’t exactly high. The man’s movements had an incredible balance of hunger and mindfulness. He made Buggy feel *desired*. And he didn’t have that cigar smoke taste that Crocodile had.

As though sensing Buggy’s thoughts, the sand logia bit his collarbone hard enough to bruise. The noise the clown made in response was pathetically needy, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. Especially since it only seemed to spur Mihawk and Crocodile on.

Mihawk panted for breath as he separated from Buggy, his mouth now smeared with red lipstick. He shrugged off his coat and removed his hat before leaning in again for more- this time leaving his own set of marks down Buggy’s neck, shoulders and back. He looked fantastic shirtless. Sure, not much had been left to the imagination before, but the way the soft candlelight emphasized the curves of his muscles made Mihawk seem almost otherworldly. His dangling cross necklace matched the molten gold of his irises.

*At this point, if he tried to kill me I’d let him.*

While Mihawk’s beauty had Buggy transfixed, Crocodile continued to toy with him from the front, tracing over his pecs and then letting his hand wander lower, past his stomach. Stroking the thin blue hairs that started from Buggy’s belly button and disappeared beneath his pants. The touches

from both men were somehow both overwhelming and... relaxing? Buggy's ever-present nerves were drifting away and his muscles were loosening up, his mind now fully occupied with lust and heated curiosity. He was receiving so much attention. He wanted *more*.

---

Crocodile had Buggy exactly how he wanted him. Half-naked, trembling with desire, and sporting an obvious bulge in his pants. What an exquisite sight. The sand logia had also expected to be annoyed by Mihawk's participation, but the swordsman was turning out to be pretty damn good at this. He was helping wind up Buggy and inadvertently putting on a lovely show for Crocodile to appreciate.

He'd picked the right business partners.

And it was time for the real bonding to begin. Crocodile slowly unzipped his fly, relishing the way the sound filled up the small space. Mihawk and Buggy both watched as he pulled his cock out from its confines and stood from where he'd been kneeling by the coffin-bed, causing the hard flesh to bob up and down slightly. He swore he could see Buggy's eyes dilate.

"Well?" Crocodile murmured. "You can't expect us to do all the work. I want to see what that pretty mouth of yours can do."

And Buggy, the incredible bastard, placed his little gloved hands on Crocodile's thighs and practically growled.

"Then use me."

Those three words might as well have been a magic spell, given their potency. Crocodile dug his hand into Buggy's hair and dragged the smaller pirate's face up so the other's forehead bumped against the head of his cock. Precum was already pearling at the tip and some spilled onto the skull and crossbones adorning Buggy's face.

Mihawk clicked his tongue- perhaps Buggy getting manhandled had inconvenienced him. Crocodile paid him no mind. The clown was lapping at the flushed, sensitive cock before him with his tongue and the sand logia could not remember the last time he was this turned on.

It took less than a minute for Crocodile's last thread of self control to break. He held Buggy's head in place and snapped his hips forward, driving his cock past the clown's parted lips. Far enough that he could feel the vibrations of Buggy's startled whimper against his flesh. To his credit, the smaller pirate didn't gag or pull away, only opened his mouth wider like the perfect sub he clearly was.

Crocodile was not a gentle lover. He'd wanted Buggy badly enough that he'd have tolerated toning it down for him, but that consideration didn't appear to be necessary. As the taller pirate rutted into the other's mouth, gradually driving deeper, Buggy kept pressing closer to him. Even when tears began to slide down his cheeks.

Impulsively, Crocodile used his hook to remove the clown's hair tie, causing the clown's long blue strands to fall and fan out wildly. The breath caught in the sand logia's throat. Buggy looked absolutely *debauched* like this. And his tight throat was squeezing around Crocodile's fat cock in a way that sent lightning strikes of pleasure ricocheting through the ex-warlord's body with every thrust.

Who knew, when Crocodile's sexual interest was first piqued by the clown offering to lick his

boots, that it'd turn out like this? He bit his lip to stifle a deep, rumbling moan. It was getting way too hot to continue with his vest and scarf, so he took them off and tossed them aside, continuously fucking the clown's throat as he did so.

---

Buggy was in a state of absolute bliss. He hadn't sucked cock in ages and he'd forgotten how great it was to have his mouth stuffed and used. It was taking a lot of concentration to not graze his teeth against Crocodile, though, because of how distracting Mihawk was being behind him. The swordsman had left briefly and returned to pull the clown pirate's pants down. Then, Buggy heard the telltale noise of a bottle being opened. That was all the warning he received before Mihawk wriggled a cold, slick finger up his ass.

His first instinct was to tense up against the intrusion, but Buggy forced himself to relax. He knew this was going to be the best part once he got over the odd feeling. Sweat beaded down his temple as he struggled to remain still, though. He was so damn hard. If Mihawk didn't put it in soon, Buggy was worried he'd cum embarrassingly quickly.

But the damn swordsman took his sweet time, adding one finger at a time and toying with Buggy's asshole- his precious clussy- in a way that felt sinfully good. Feeling him up inside and pumping in and out. When Mihawk brushed against Buggy's prostate the first time, the clown almost screamed- the only thing that stopped him was Crocodile's fat cock muffling his voice.

While Buggy was making exceptionally lewd noises with his filled mouth, Crocodile and Mihawk were far less vocal. But they weren't silent. The clown could hear Crocodile's low gasps whenever he swallowed the taller pirate's cock just right, and Mihawk's breaths were coming in deep and heavy.

Then, Mihawk grabbed the clown's neglected cock and roughly jerked it, his lubed fingers squelching as he worked the shaft. Buggy didn't stand a chance. His eyes rolled back, his fingers clawed against Crocodile's pants, and he trembled through an orgasm that was as long as it was intense. He only distantly noticed Crocodile pulling out of his mouth and Mihawk releasing his grip on his penis, letting it spurt out a load of semen on its own.

As the fog of ecstasy faded away, Buggy registered that Crocodile was speaking.

"Not already done, are you?"

"No, just... give me a moment... Buggy wheezed out. He turned to face Mihawk. "You did that on purpose!"

The swordsman huffed. "Hmph. You seemed to rather like it."

That was true. Buggy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, which was a mess of saliva and ruined makeup. He narrowed his eyes at Mihawk and then lifted his ass, waving it slightly.

"Whatever. Just fuck me already."

---

And that was how Buggy ended up spitroasted by two famous pirates in a goth-themed clown tent. His post-orgasm lightheadedness combined with the thorough prep allowed the swordsman to continuously slide his cock in all the way to the hilt, until Buggy could feel the other's balls brush against his cheeks. He suckled at the head of Crocodile's penis as Mihawk made a few shallow, experimental thrusts. Oh, it was good to be filled up. Buggy arched his back and lifted his ass

further, silently pleading for him to fuck him in earnest.

Mihawk delivered. Much better than Buggy could've ever imagined. The swordsman braced his arms on either side of Buggy's own, resting his torso on top of the clown's back. And then drilled his dick into Buggy's p-spot, over and over with precision.

Buggy spat Crocodile out and *howled*. Only to be yanked back by the hair and brutally facefucked some more. Crocodile and Mihawk's rhythm's didn't match at all, and they rocked him back and forth between each other as they found their pleasure in the clown pirate's body. It was overwhelming. It was euphoric. Buggy had stopped being an endlessly horny teenager long ago, but this treatment had his spent cock twitching with interest once again.

"Ah," Mihawk moaned, picking up his pace. The sound of skin slapping against skin got louder, and the scent of sweat and sex got thicker. After some time, Buggy could feel his own erection straining against his stomach once again.

Crocodile's cock was throbbing in his mouth now, and the taller pirate was getting clumsier with his movements. Buggy idly wondered what his cum would taste like. He'd never swallowed anyone before. He glanced up from under his lashes to appraise how close Crocodile might be, and proceeded to be dazzled by how big the sand logia's tits were. They were absurd. Completely unfair to the rest of mankind.

Buggy lost his view as Crocodile buried the clown's face in his pubes, burying his cock so deep it caused Buggy to choke. The forcefulness of it was almost too much- only almost, though. Buggy endured through sheer force of will. As he squeezed Crocodile's thighs for support, the clown pirate felt them tense beneath his gloves.

"I'm cumming," Crocodile warned, but Buggy purposefully didn't pull away. He sealed his lips around the base of the taller pirate's cock and sucked, not letting up even as Mihawk jostled him from behind. With a downright feral growl, Crocodile then shot his load straight down Buggy's throat.

He didn't really taste much during Crocodile's release because of how he was deepthroating, but the way the cock pulsed in his mouth was exciting enough. Buggy finally got a taste when the other finally removed himself from his mouth and regretted his curiosity. It didn't taste good at all, and the texture was so thick and slimy.

It was hard to dwell on that while Mihawk was still fucking the life out of him, though. Buggy mewled and gasped as he continued to take a pounding, letting go of Crocodile to clutch at the edge of the coffin bed.

Meanwhile, Crocodile leaned against the side of the tent and watched them have sex with a tired and satisfied look in his heavy-lidded eyes. His naked chest was heaving and stray locks of hair had fallen in front of his face, and Buggy hated that he could barely focus enough to admire Crocodile's appearance. The other man looked absurdly attractive like this.

And then all he saw were sparks as Mihawk speared into his body at just the right angle, causing Buggy to screw his eyes shut and cry out. That cry turned into a whine as the swordsman crawled backwards, removing himself from Buggy entirely. Before the clown reclaimed the coherency to complain, though, Mihawk flipped him over and sheathed himself back inside Buggy's hungry hole.

Now that they were facing one another, Buggy felt like he was being seared by Mihawk's piercing eyes. The sensation of being overexposed had the clown bringing an arm up to hide his face, but

the swordsman reached out and intertwined their fingers. Moving their hands out of the way. Buggy could feel himself blushing because this was too intimate, too sappy- but it made him feel kind of warm inside too.

After some time, Buggy got accustomed to the new position- and decided that he adored that soft feeling almost as much as he loved the white-hot waves of physical pleasure Mihawk was sending throughout his body. It all built up until it was too much, and Buggy had a second earth-shattering orgasm that had the swordsman seizing up and cumming at the same time. He filled Buggy's ass to the brim with his seed and collapsed on top of him, sighing contentedly.

Mihawk removed himself from Buggy before they could become a sticky pile, which the clown was grateful for. All three of them lay sprawled out around the tent, catching their breath and resting. It was a comfortable atmosphere.

Finally, Crocodile cleared his throat.

"Is anyone up for round 2?"

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Buggy was too sore to sit the next day, but fortunately he didn't have to. Buggy Jr. was perfectly content with having him lie on top of her scales. The clown had picked out the fattest bananawani Crocodile owned- he figured that gave him a fighting chance of outrunning the beast if she got hungry.

Next to him, Mihawk let out a surprised laugh in response to something Crocodile said. Buggy smiled down at the pair lazily. He was still well aware of how powerful the two men were, but he didn't think he'd be able to fear them the same way again. Not after they'd all fallen asleep together while the two men carded their fingers through his hair.

With partners like them, this Cross Guild thing might be a flashy success after all.

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